Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſouldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
He'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It

It were an honeſt act
Iag. Not I, for thi
I doe loue *Caſſio* well
To cure him of this e

Enter Caſ
Caſ. You rogue, y
Mon. What's the
Caſ. A knaue, tea
wicker bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doſt thou pra
Mon. Good Leiut
Caſ. Let me goe ſi
Mon. Come, come
Caſ. Drunke?
Iag. Away I ſay, g
Nay good Leiutenant
Helpe ho, Leiutenant
Helpe maſters, heer's
Who's that that rings
The Towne will riſe,
You will be ſham'd fo

Enter Othello
Oth. What's the
Mon. I bleed ſtill,
Oth. Hold, for yo
Iag. Hold, hold Lei
Haue you forgot all p
Hold, the Generall ſp
Oth. Why how no
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*
Which Heauen has fo
For Chriſtian ſhame, p
He that ſtirres next, t
Holds his ſoule light,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN